

# Rolling In the Deep

Michael Schulte

There's a fire starting in my heart  
Reaching a fever pitch,  
it's bringing me out the dark  
Finally I can see you crystal clear  
Go head and sell me out  
and I'll lay your shit bare

See how I leave with every piece of you  
Don't underestimate the things that I will do

There's a fire starting in my heart  
Reaching a fever pitch  
And its bring me out the dark

The scars of your love remind me of us  
They keep me thinking that we almost had it all  
The scars of your love they leave me breathless  
I can't help feeling  
We could have had it all  
Rolling in the deep  
You had my heart inside of your hand  
And you played it  
To the beat

Baby I have no story to be told  
But I've heard one of you  
And I'm gonna make your head burn  
Think of me in the depths of your despair  
Making a home down there  
It Reminds you of the home we shared

The scars of your love remind me of us  
They keep me thinking that we almost had it all  
The scars of your love they leave me breathless  
I can't help feeling  
We could have had it all  
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To the beat

Throw your soul through every open door  
Count your blessings to find what you look for  
Turned my sorrow into treasured gold  
You pay me back in kind and reap just what you sow

We could have had it all  
We could have had it all  
It all, it all it all,  
We could have had it all  
Rolling in the deep  
You had my heart inside of your hand  
And you played it  
To the beat